

DELL
Western
Adventure

LAWMAN

AUG.-OCT.
Still 10¢



JOHN
RUSSELL

PETER
BROWN

Johnny McKay
bait the trap
Dan Troop sets for a killer.



LAWMAN

SHOOT-OUT AT SIOUX RIVER



Marshal Troop and Deputy McKay return from a trip to find the citizens of Laramie massed into a posse and riding out in search of an Indian youth whom they accuse of murder.



But believing the boy is innocent, Dan sends Johnny McKay on a planned mission which will bring the real killer out into the open and into the arms of the waiting law.

DREAM OF VIOLENCE



Johnny McKay laughs off a warning that a woman's dream forecasts certain disaster for him...



But when Marshal Dan Troop hears her dream of a robber's hide-out, he takes a chance and investigates.



INDIANS CAN'T BE TRUSTED...
NO MATTER WHAT! SAVAGES,
THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE! JEB
WAS A FOOL TO TRUST YOU...



PLEASE, TALK TO
MARSHAL TROOP...
HE WILL TELL YOU—

THE MARSHAL ISN'T
HERE! WE'VE DONE
HIS JOB FOR HIM!



AND WE'RE GONNA SEE
YOU GET WHAT'S COMIN'
TO YOU!

NO, PLEASE!
LET HIM GO!



THE TOWNSMEN DROVE THE FRIGHTENED YOUTH
DOWN THE STREET...

WHAT... WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO DO?

YOU'LL FIND OUT!



QUILLA TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE AT
FREEDOM...



STOP HIM!



QUILLA FINDS A SADDLED HORSE AND QUICKLY MOUNTS...



GET YOUR HORSES!
WE'LL GO AFTER HIM!



BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIS
WIFE, MAYLOR...HE MIGHT TRY
AND CIRCLE BACK TO GET HER!



THE ANGRY CITIZENS THUNDER OUT OF TOWN
IN PURSUIT OF THE FLEEING MAN...



A SHORT TIME
LATER, ON THE
DORIL, MARSHAL DAN
TROOP AND HIS
DEPUTY JOHNNY
MORAN ARE
RETURNING TO
LARAMIE...

IT'S SOME OF THE
MEN FROM TOWN!

THEY LOOK MIGHTY EXCITED
ABOUT SOMETHING!



DAN IS STARTLED TO LEARN WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

GULLA ! ARE
YOU POSITIVE ?

WE GOT THE MOTIVE, MARSHAL...
AND NOW WE'RE ON THE RUN ! WHAT
MORE PROOF DO YOU NEED ?



LET'S GO !
WE'RE
WASTING
TIME !

WITH — OR WITHOUT
YOU, MARSHAL, WE'RE
GOING TO GET HIM !



ARE WE RIDING WITH
THEM, MR. TROOP ?

NO, JOHNNY...



I'VE COME TO KNOW THAT SIOUX
BOY PRETTY WELL...AND I'D
SET MY SADDLE AND A LOT
MORE WE'S NOT MIXED UP
IN THIS !



I ALSO THINK I KNOW WHERE
WE CAN FIND HIM...MAYBE
HE CAN TELL US MORE
ABOUT THIS !



SOON, AT A SHADED SPOT NEAR THE SIOUX RIVER...

GULLA OFTEN COMES DOWN
HERE...WE'VE HAD SOME LONG
TALKS IN THIS VERY SPOT...



MOMENTS LATER...

DON'T MOVE ANY CLOSER,
MARSHAL TROOP...

QUILLA!

I DON'T WANT TO HURT
ANYONE, MARSHAL...I
JUST WANT TO BE
LEFT ALONE!

PUT THE RIFLE
DOWN, SON...

WHY? SO YOU CAN TAKE
ME TO JAIL FOR SOMETHING
I DIDN'T DO...

WE KNOW YOU
DIDN'T KILL JES
CRAWFORD,
QUILLA...

WE WANTED TO FIND YOU
BEFORE THOSE OTHERS
DID...TO PROTECT YOU!

YOU HAVE A WIFE TO CONSIDER,
QUILLA...RUNNING AWAY WON'T
HELP YOU! I WANT TO HELP
YOU...

I...I WAS FRIGHTENED...
THE WAY THOSE MEN ACTED
...LIKE THEY WERE GOING
TO LYNCH ME!

THERE'LL BE NO LYNCHING
AS LONG AS I'M MARSHAL,
SON! NOW SUPPOSE YOU
TELL US ALL ABOUT IT...

THERE'S NOTHING TO TELL !
RIDE AND I CAME RIDING
BACK FROM SIOUX COUNTRY
AND WHEN WE GOT TO
TOWN WE FOUND OUT
MR. CRAWFORD WAS
DEAD ! THEY SAID I
KILLED HIM !

IS IT TRUE
ABOUT HIM
KILLING HIS
PROPERTY
TO YOU ?

THEY SAID SO... BUT TODAY
WAS THE FIRST I KNEW
ABOUT IT ! I SWEAR IT !

AND THAT'S
ALL YOU KNOW ?

YES, SIR ! AND I HAVE NO
IDEA WHO MIGHT HAVE
KILLED MR. CRAWFORD...
I DON'T THINK THERE WAS
A MAN IN TOWN WHO
DIDN'T LIKE HIM !

GULLA, I WANT
YOU TO COME
BACK TO TOWN
WITH US...

BUT IF
I —

WE'LL PUT YOU IN JAIL — BUT
ONLY FOR PROTECTIVE CUSTODY —
UNTIL WE CAN FIND THE REAL
KILLER !

BELIEVE ME, SON...
IT'S THE BEST WAY ! -

ALL RIGHT,
MARSHAL...

A SHORT TIME LATER...

IT'S THE MARSHAL !
HE'S GOT HIM !



GOOD WORK, MARSHAL!

WATCH HIM CLOSE! HE'S LIABE TO TRY AN' ESCAPE AGAIN!

I DON'T THINK HE'LL ESCAPE, MR. DODSON... BECAUSE QUILLA WANTS TO FIND CRAFTFORD'S KILLER AS MUCH AS THE REST OF YOU!



YOU BELIEVE HIM?

YES, I DO! AND I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU GETTING ANY IDEAS ABOUT TAKING THE LAW IN YOUR OWN HANDS...



QUILLA'S IN MY CUSTODY UNTIL WE GET MORE EVIDENCE ON THIS MURDER...MEANWHILE, LEAVE THINGS TO THE LAW!

HE GOT YOU BUFFALOED, MARSHAL...HE'S A KILLER!



I'M GOING TO PROVE YOU WRONG, MR. DODSON...AND IF THIS BOY ISN'T INNOCENT, I'LL TURN IN MY BADGE!



KEEP CLOSE TO HIM, JOHNNY... I DON'T TRUST ANYONE THE WAY THEY'RE TALKING OUT THERE...

WHERE'RE YOU GOING, MR. TROOP?

TO FIND A MURDERER,
JOHNNY... AND MAKE MEN
LIKE VINCE DOOGON AND
FRED HAYLOR EAT
THEIR WORDS!



DAN SEARCHES FOR EVIDENCE AT THE CRAWFORD RANCH...



HE TALKS TO THE LARAMIE CORONER...

IT WAS ONE SHOT, DAN...
FIRED STRAIGHT AT THE BACK
OF HIS HEAD! A FORTY-FOUR!



THE QUESTIONING CONTINUES...AND EVERY
MAN WHO SAW OR TALKED TO JES CRAWFORD
DURING RECENT DAYS IS GRILLED...



NO, SIR, MARSHAL... JES
DIDN'T HAVE ANY ENEMIES
THAT I KNEW OF! HOOBOY
HAD ANYTHING BUT GOOD
WORDS FOR HIM!...

ANYHOW, THE CITIZENS IN TOWN DISCUSS THE RECENT
EVENTS...

AND I SAY THAT INDIAN
BOY IS THE KILLER! HE MURDERED A
MAN WHO TRUSTED HIM AND ALSO
TRIED TO HELP HIM...



THERE'S NO
DOUBT IN MY
MIND, MR.
HAYLOR...

IT'S JUST GOING TO
TAKE COURAGE TO
STAND UP TO THE
MARSHAL, VINCE...
SHOW HIM HE'S
WRONG!







ALL BUT THE ONE HE
COULDN'T DO ANYTHING
ABOUT!

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, JOHNNY?



JUST THAT IF QUILLA
IS CONVICTED OF
KILLING JEB, HE
CAN'T FALL HEIR
TO HIS PROPERTY!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND
IN JEB'S WILL, NO
OTHER HEIRS ARE
MENTIONED! THE STATE
WOULD TAKE IT OVER
AND PUT THE PROPERTY
UP FOR PUBLIC AUCTION!



SURE TAKE A PRETTY SIZE OF CHANGE TO
BUY UP THE CRAWFORD
RANCH! NOT MANY
FOLKS AROUND HERE
HAVE THAT KIND OF
MONEY!

ONLY ONE THAT
I KNOW OF!
AND THAT IS
FRED MAYLOR!



HE ALREADY OWNS
MOST OF THE SANGSLAND
AROUND. ME TROOP!
WHAT WOULD HE WANT
WITH MORE?

IT'S HARD TO SAY,
JOHNNY... BUT SOME
MEN JUST KEEP
GRABBING FOR
MORE ALL THE
TIME!



YOU'RE THINKING
SOMETHING, MR.
TROOP! WHAT
IS IT?

JUST THAT IF MAYLOR
IS OUR MAN, MAYBE
WE CAN MAKE HIM
JUMP TO SOME BAIT!



SOUNDS FINE.
BUT WHAT DO
YOU HAVE IN
MIND FOR
BAIT?

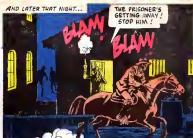
IT'S OBVIOUS, JOHNNY! IF
HE WANTS QUILLA OUT OF
THE WAY, LET'S GIVE HIM
QUILLA!





DAN STARTS TO OUTLINE HIS PLAN...

AND LATER THAT NIGHT...



BEN AND
JOHNNY
LEAD THE
POSSE
ON A WEERY
CHASE
THROUGHOUT
THE
NIGHT...

HYPERN! OMGN! LET'S
CATCH THAT REDSKIN AND
GIVE HIM WHAT
HE DESERVES!

BUT THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER A FRUITLESS SEARCH,
THEY RETURN TO TOWN...

NOT A SIGN OF HIM!
HE JUST DISAPPEARED!

WE'LL GET HIM! DON'T
WORRY! THANKS FOR THE
HELP, BOYS! YOU CAN
GO ON HOME, NOW!

YOU MADE IT
LOOK REAL
GOOD, MR.
TROOP!

THAT WAS THE IDEA!
NOW, WAIT TWO
HOURS, THEN GO
INTO YOUR ACT
WITH RED HAYLOR!
AND MAKE THAT
REAL GOOD!

TWO HOURS LATER...

MR. HAYLOR, HAVE YOU
SEEN THE MARSHAL? I'VE
GOT SOME IMPORTANT
NEWS FOR HIM!

WHY, NO, I
HAVEN'T, WOKAY!
WHAT'S UP?

I JUST GOT A TIP THAT
BULLA IS HIDING OUT BY
THE WILLOW BEND OF THE
SIOUX RIVER! SOON AS
I FIND MR. TROOP, WE'LL
GO GET HIM!

NO YOU WON'T,
DEPUTY! BECAUSE
I'M GOING TO GET
HIM FIRST!

MYLOR RIDES TO THE WILLOW BEND...



A MOMENT LATER, MYLOR "SURPRISES" GULLA IN HIS HIDING SPOT...



BUT WHY, MR. MYLOR? WHY DO YOU WANT ME DEAD? I HAVE NEVER HARMED YOU!

NO, BUT YOU STOOD IN MY WAY OF TAKING OVER THE CRAWFORD SPREAD! AND I'VE WANTED IT FOR A LONG TIME!



YOU MEAN... YOU'VE KILLED JED?

THAT'S RIGHT! BUT YOU'LL NEVER TELL ANYONE BECAUSE I'M GOING TO —



SUDDENLY...

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO ANYTHING EXCEPT STAND TRIAL FOR MURDER, MYLOR! WONDER HOW VINCE DEBBONS'S GOING TO FEEL TOWARD INDIANS NOW!



GO ON, GET MOUNTED! IT'S QUITE A RIDE BACK TO TOWN!

BUT NOT FOR ME, MR. TROOP, FOR I'M RIDING BACK A FREE MAN!



THE MEETING AT AVALANCHE PASS

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CR-R-RUNCH! R-RUMBLE!

AS TWO MEN RIDE UN-
WARINGLY THROUGH A NARROW,
WINDING PASS, THEY SUDDENLY
HEAR A NOISE ABOVE THEM...

HEY!
LOOK OUT
UP THERE!

YEOW! THAT WAS
CLOSE!

JUST A LOOSE
BOULDER, I
RECKON!

WELL, ANYWAY, THIS
IS THE SPOT WHERE
AL SAID TO MEET HIM!
HE OUGHT TO BE HERE
ANY MINUTE!

HUH! I DON'T
KNOW AS I LIKE
THIS IDEA TOO
MUCH! HOW DO I
KNOW WE CAN
TRUST THIS HERE
AL HONDER?

LISTEN, JAKE! I'VE KNOWN
AL VINCENT FOR YEARS! WE
ALWAYS USE THIS PLAN AFTER
A BANK JOB! WE SPLIT UP TO
CONFUSE ANY POSSE THAT
MIGHT FOLLOW... THEN WE
MEET SOMEWHERE!

AND AL
ALWAYS
CARRIES
THE
LOOT!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND HE
HASN'T CROSSED ME
YET! DON'T WORRY!

WELL, IT'S TIME
HE WAS SHOWING
UP! WHERE
IS HE?

SLOWLY THE TIME DRAGS BY, WITH NO SIGN OF AL! AFTER ALMOST AN HOUR...

LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOUR PAL HAS DECIDED NOT TO....!

LISTEN! SOUNDS LIKE A HORSE COMING FROM THE NORTH! THAT'S THE WAY AL WENT OUT OF TOWN!



DOESN'T LOOK LIKE AL TO ME! I CAN SEE THAT SHINY BADGE GLINTING IN THE SUN A MILE AWAY!

YEAH! LOOKS LIKE A... A SHERIFF!



HOLD ON THERE, YOU TWO!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! BACK INTO THE PASS!



WAIT, I SAY! WAIT!



HE'S A FOOL TO FOLLOW US IN HERE!









Mort Hogan, owner of the Bar-H, was a cattleman from his high-crowned Stetson to his hand-toed boots, and he had the same dislike of squatters that all other cattlemen had. And that sultry summer afternoon, when he sat his backskin atop a gentle rise, looking down on the squatter shack, the feeling was strong.

The squatter cabin was at the edge of a slash of timber that flanked a small creek where some of his cattle watered.

In the back of Mort's mind was the sure knowledge that the time was coming when all of the grazing land would be invaded by squatters with plows and barbed wire. But, like others of his breed, he intended to do his best to keep them off the grasslands as long as possible.

Now, a short distance above the farmer's shack, he saw a rider chase a cow out of the timber then back into it again. It must be one of his punchers, he thought, and started riding down the slope.

As he approached the timber, he heard a cow bawl. He rode into the woods and saw a young calf stamping off into the brush. Then he came upon the calf's mother.

Her head was tied to one sapling, and a back leg was tied to another. A boy in overalls and sun-faded shirt was milking her. Nearby stood the boy's bony nag.

When the youth saw Mort, he wheeled and ran, taking his milk pail with him. Hogan shouted at him as he disappeared.

The rancher untied the cow, which was wearing his brand, then mounted and headed for the squatter's shack, anger riding with him.

At the shack, he knocked sharply, and, after a moment, a lean-faced woman opened the plank door. Hogan spent a full two minutes angrily giving her his opinion of squatters in general and of those who would hog-be a man's cow and milk her in particular.

"I'm sorry about it," the woman said meekly. "We know it was an unneighborly thing to do. Would you care to step in and talk it over with my husband?"

Still flushed with anger, Mort Hogan stepped inside. The husband lay on a bed in one corner of the sod-floored hovel. At the foot of the bed stood a crude cradle in which lay a thin, starved-looking baby. On a homemade chair across the room sat the boy who had been milking the cow.

"I'm to blame for the boy milking your cow," the man said from his bed. "The milk was for our baby. He's been mighty sick."

"We just had to have some milk for him," the bonny-faced woman offered, lifting a corner of her apron to her eyes.

"I've been poorly, too," the man said, "and haven't been able to leave my bed for a spell. We're sorry for havin' to steal."

Mort Hogan looked again at the sleeping infant and back to the man, and he knew these people were telling the truth. And his mind flashed back to a particular day twenty years before, when he and his young wife had been without any food whatever.

Mort Hogan was a cattleman with a cattleman's hatred of squatters. But he was a human being first. He looked at the boy and spoke.

"Son, you can ride your nag down to my ranch house any time your ma says, and fetch as much milk as she needs." Then, after a pause, "And I can use a boy around the ranch who has enough rope-and-cattle savvy to tie up a range cow and milk her. You can report for work tomorrow." To the man, he offered, "Anything else you folks need, such as meat and flour, tell the boy, and I'll send it over." To the woman, he sympathized, "I hope your baby gets well soon, ma'am." She started to thank him, but, before she could speak, he spun around and strode out of the cabin.

LAWMAN DREAM OF VIOLENCE

ONE AFTERNOON, AS DEPUTY HARRY
CROSSES THE MAIN STREET OF LARAMIE

DEPUTY HARRY!
STRANGE SEEING
YOU OUT IN THE
BRIGHT SUNLIGHT...

WHAT? ... WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT, MRS.
HUGGINS?







AT THAT MOMENT, JUST OVER THE HILL...

LET'S HAVE THAT MONEY SATCHEL!



THE OUTLAW'S SPUR OUT FAST.

LET'S RIDE!



DAN AND JOHNNY ARRIVE, BUT MOMENTS TOO LATE.

BLAM!

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!



MY GUARD'S WOUNDED, MARSHAL... WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A DOC!

CAN YOU MANAGE TO TAKE HIM TO LARABEE BY YOURSELF?



I... I GUESS SO... MY HANDS ARE SHAKIN' SO BAD, I —

RIDE ON IN WITH HIM, JOHNNY... I'LL TRY AND PICK UP THEIR TRACKS!



BE CAREFUL, MR. TROOP! THAT
ROCKY COUNTRY MAKES IT EASY
FOR OUTLAWS TO HIDE!



AN HOUR LATER...

I COULDN'T FIND AN
ELEPHANT TRACK IN
THESE ROCKS...IT'S
JUST NO USE!



AND LATER...

SO NOW WHAT
DO WE DO?

NOT MUCH WE CAN DO, JOHNNY!
EXCEPT SET OUT A REPORT TO
ALL THE LAM OFFICES IN THE AREA...



TOO BAD MINERVA HUGGINS
DIDN'T DREAM ABOUT THIS
ROBBERY...WE MIGHT HAVE
ARRIVED IN TIME TO STOP IT!



THAT NIGHT, AS JOHNNY IS ON DUTY...



EVENING, MRS. HUGGINS...
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU...

THERE'S
MARSHAL
TROOP?







THE ROBBERY TOOK PLACE AT FIVE O'CLOCK... DOESN'T THAT MEAN SOMETHING? SHE DREAMED ABOUT TWO MEN SHE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW... AND SOMETHING THAT HADN'T EVEN HAPPENED!

THAT'S COINCIDENCE!



NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWERS OF A WOMAN, JOHNNY... THEY'RE OFTEN MAGICAL CREATURES!

BUT HOW CAN YOU EXPLAIN—



A LOT OF THINGS IN LIFE CAN'T BE EXPLAINED! MAYBE SHE'S WRONG ABOUT THIS... BUT IT'S CERTAINLY WORTH INVESTIGATING!



SOMETIME LATER...

WELL, MR. TROOP? NOW DO YOU ADMIT SHE WAS TALKING NONSENSE!



SHE SAID THEY WERE CAMPED HERE, JOHNNY...

I KNOW, BUT—

AND LOOK AT THIS!



THE MONEY SATCHEL FROM THE ROBBERY! AND A DYING CAMPFIRE!

NOW WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TRAIL... TRAIL'S GOTT FROM HERE ON TO THE BORDER...



IT...IT JUST ISN'T
POSSIBLE... HOW
COULD ANYONE...

DON'T TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT,
JOHNNY! IT'S LIKE ASKING
WHAT MAKES THE WORLD
GO AROUND!

THROUGHOUT THE MORNING, DAN AND
JOHNNY TRAIL THE OUTLAWS, AND AT
MIDDAY, THURSDAY...

LOOK!
DOWN
BELOW!

DAN AND
JOHNNY
SPUR
DOWN
IN
PURSUIT
OF
THE
OUTLAWS...

IT'S THE LAW!

BLAM!

DAN AND JOHNNY RIDE HARD AFTER THE
FLEEING MEN...

SOON, THEY CLOSE THE GAP...

WE'RE GAINING ON
THEM, MR. TROOP!

BLAM!

SEEKING A PLACE TO TAKE COVER, THE
OUTLAW'S RIDE UP A ROCKY DRAW...



EASY NOW, JOHNNY
...THEY'RE PROBABLY
FIGURIN' ON AN
AMBUSH!

NOW THAT THIS DREAM
BUSINESS CAME TRUE,
THERE'S ONE THING
I SURE WISH...



I SHOULD HAVE ASKED MINERVA
HOW IT WAS GOING TO END!



AS THEY MOVE UP THE DRAW...

MR. TROOP
—LOOK OUT!



THIS DRAW LEADS TO
A DEAD END...THE
OTHER ONE IS
TRAPPED!

OWWWW!



MOUNTING HIS HORSE, THE SECOND
OUTLAW TRIES A DARING ESCAPE...



AS THE HORSE THUNDERS TOWARD THEM, JOHNNY
LEAPS...



WHY DON'T YOU TRY DREAMING
FOR A WHILE! ABOUT A JAIL
CELL!



SOMETIME LATER...

WE CAUGHT THEM, MINERVA.
... THANKS TO YOUR
DREAM.

GOOD WORK, MARSHAL
TROOP! YOU, TOO, DEPUTY
...EVEN THOUGH IT TOOK
A LOT OF TALKING TO
CONVINCE
YOU!



ONE THING THOUGH,
MR. HUGGINS...YOU
WERE SURE WRONG
ABOUT MY BLACK
EYE! IT'S THURSDAY
AND—



WHAT WAS
THAT YOU
WERE
SAYING,
JOHNNY?

FROM NOW ON, WHEN MINERVA
HUGGINS DREAMS...I'M GOING
TO LISTEN WITH BOTH EARS!



LAWMAN THE FIRST GOLD



Gold was the magic word which uprooted people from the East and South and transplanted them in the West during the 1850's and again in the 1860's. However, the first gold strike in America had been made twenty years earlier in 1833, when rich deposits were found on Cherokee lands in northern Georgia.



The first veins proved to be vastly rich, with twenty pounds of rock yielding almost eighteen pounds of gold. The quantity of the gold was enough to warrant the establishment of a mint at Dahlonega, Georgia, in 1838.



Only gold coins were minted in Georgia, and each coin bore the mint mark of a "D" much like the coins which are minted by the present day mint at Denver, Colorado. The mint continued operation until 1861...



At that date, the Confederate army closed in on the mint and seized the bullion that was stored there, using it to further their cause. Dahlonega mint was never reopened.

A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

LAWMAN KEEPER OF THE GENERAL STORE



A man with many and varied duties, the general storekeeper was a busy and important person in the community. Besides keeping the people in general supplies, he served as postmaster and sometimes as town clerk, as well.



Often the storekeeper was a justice of peace and performed the rite uniting couples in marriage.



Then he also served as the judge at the trials of local offenders.



His position required him to know something about a number of things, and the townspeople constantly sought his counsel.



In addition, he dispensed free medical advice, along with numerous patent medicines to cure all ills of both man and beast!

LAWMAN REACHING for a STAR

ONE MORNING, AS YOUNG JOHNNY
WAKES UP, HE ENTERS MARSHAL TROOP'S
OFFICE...

HEY! MR. TROOP
LEFT
HIS BADGE HERE LAST
NIGHT! THAT'S THE
FIRST TIME HE'S DONE
THAT!

SOMEWAY, I'LL BE WEARING
ONE JUST LIKE THIS!



SURE LOOKS GREAT!



LOST IN HIS DREAMS, JOHNNY FAILS TO HEAR
MR. TROOP ENTER...

DOING SOME DAY-
DREAMING, JOHNNY?



OH, MARSHAL...
I'M... I'M
SORRY!

DON'T APOLOGIZE, SON...
DREAMS ARE THE TRAILS
THAT LEAD TO
SUCCESS!



AND I HOPE THAT NO MATTER WHAT YOU'RE
DOING, YOU'LL ALWAYS FOLLOW YOUR DREAMS
— AND REACH FOR A
STAR!

